

[For Terms, &c., see Fourth Page.]

This paper is specially devoted to the advocacy of the speedy, personal, pre-millennial advent of Christ, the glorification of the church at that epoch, the dissolution of the heavens and earth by fire, their renewal, and the establishment of the kingdom of God; and while rejecting—as it has from the commencement of its existence—the doctrine of the unconsciousness of the soul, and exemption of the being of the wicked, it will aim to present the truth pertaining to the cross and crown of Christ in such a way as to make one of the best family papers.

Advent Herald.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN MILLENNIAL ASSOCIATION.

"Behold, I come quickly." "Occupy till I come."

WHOLE NO. 1647.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1873.

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Selections.

THE DOUBLE STAR.

Long ages came and went;
And still the stars held their course,
The church, with calm and silent hope,
Unnoticed and unheard.

At length to her a child was born,
A length a star was given;

The star broke off the earth,
The love came down from heaven.

Long years have come and gone;
And still the star still holds its course,

The church, with calm and silent hope,
Has watched the eastern sky.

At length the voice shall yet be heard,

With which all ears shall ring:

"Lo! here is God, our promised King."

—Dr. H. Bonar.

THE MORNING STAR.

Among the many striking figures under which our Lord is presented to us in Scripture, that of the Morning Star, as suggestive of the beginning of a new day, is not one of the least interesting. In the book of Revelation (22: 16) Christ says of himself, "I am the bright and Morning Star."

The fitness of this image to represent the Redeemer in his first coming and during the great dispensation will appear when we consider that the morning star is the herald of the day; that it is seen before the sun rises, while as yet darkness covers the earth; and that it shines through the dawn which gives promise of the approaching day. It does not immediately flood the world with light; it may steal almost unobserved on the scene, not very different in appearance from other stars; but the dawn which follows in its train gradually spreads and increases till the earth is suffused with twilight, still brightening to the verge of sunrise. This is a true picture of the effects of Christ's first advent.

The Jews, indeed, had long lived under a starlit sky; for to them the darkest hours of the night were relieved by the utterances of Moses, of David, and of the prophets; but how welcome the Star of Bethlehem was to the pious Israelites appears in the hymn of Zacharias, in which he hails with thanksgiving the "Dayspring from on high." To the Gentiles that Star was as life from the dead—"The people which sat in darkness saw great light, and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light sprang up" (Matt. 4: 16).

What is it to us? For now "the night is far spent, the day is at hand." The night indeed is not over, but *far spent*; the day has not arrived, but at hand, for the sun is not yet risen. Yet, says the apostle, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light" (Eph. 5: 14). To the opened eye there is light even in the dawn. "To him that overcometh," says the Lord, "I will give the Morning Star"—i. e., himself. Let us not fail, then, to look onward and upward with a hope that shall never be disappointed.—*Sunday Morning.*

BE THOU PERFECT.

"I am the Almighty God: walk before me, and be thou perfect."—*Genesis 17: 1.*

The word "perfect" might be rendered, without violence to the text, as *sincere*, and the word "sincere," in our language, in its origin, meant, *without mixture*.

Philologists tell us that it comes from two words meaning, *without wax*, an expression applied to strained honey; that from which the wax has been removed is perfect, pure, clear, transparent. So, *sincerity* is that feeling of the heart and that purpose that is unmixed with impurity, that is clear, transparent, "walking in the light as he is in the light"; as our Saviour says, "If thine eye be single, thy whole body will be full of light"; and so here, God requires of his servant that he shall be perfect in his sincerity; that is, that he shall aim at pleasing him rather than, as opposed to, walking before all others. This takes from us a mixed motive. There are many who try to please God and walk according to the law of God, to a certain extent, and yet they bring in a great many mixed influences to guide their conduct, as well as this thought of pleasing God; and there are many who fancy that business can scarcely be conducted on the principle of seeing God and doing that which is exactly right, and they must deviate just a little from that perfect purity; but when we deviate at all from the law of right, then the mist gathers over the eye; a cloud of impurity rests there; there is a mixture in the motives, and that man can never recognize God's presence who clouds his vision by suffering an impurity of motive to guide him. And if we know a thing is not quite pleasing to God, and do it because business requires it, because friends will be pleased by it, because it might be gratifying to this man in high position, or to that party to which we belong, or to this dear friend whom we would like to please; if we do anything that is displeasing to God for any motive of gain, or applause, or fame, or anything else, that moment the mental vision is clouded—we are insincere, we cannot walk before God, we cannot please him in all we say or do, we are preferring something else to God; and the moment the human heart prefers anything else to God, that moment God withdraws himself, by the influences of his comforting Spirit, from the human heart,

and there is no way by which man can have the perfect clearness of moral vision, by which man can have perfect happiness and peace of soul, by which man can look death calmly and triumphantly in the face, by which man can read his title to immortal habitations above, unless he keeps God before his vision, and is walking with the consciousness that he is pleasing God. And yet we sacrifice the future for the present, we sacrifice the spiritual for the material, we sacrifice God's favor to gain a little earthly favor, and oftentimes lose that earthly favor too; we displease God for the sake of making earthly gain, in accumulating riches, but they take to themselves wings and fly away, and the more gain we made becomes like fire that burns into our inmost soul. There is no safety, there is no peace, there is no happiness, to be found in this world but by walking before God, retaining God in our knowledge, and pleasing him in all we say and do.

But possibly some one says, Can we please God? Does he care for us? Do the best we can, and try to walk before him—does that give him pleasure? Yes, "Enoch had this testimony before he was translated, that he pleased God." A father is pleased with his child, feeble though it may be, if it attempts to please him. The little prattler may miscall words, may mistake, but if we read in the prattler's heart the disposition to please, we are pleased. If there is the desire to make others happy, we accept the desire, even though the effort be but partial. The poor little girl who brings to her teacher a little flower, plucked upon the way, pleases that teacher, though she cares nothing for the flower. She accepts it as a token of affection from the girl. So the great Father is pleased with us when we try to please him—when we walk before him with purity of heart and elevation of purpose. When we try to do good, God accepts our efforts, feeble though they be; and when, in the spirit of benevolence, we have nothing more to give, and we give a cup of cold water to the famishing one, he accepts it as given to himself, and says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me"; but the giving, the kindness of heart, the pleasure, depended not on the amount of the offering. I shall never forget my own feelings when, distant once in the land of Palestine, I was ill, and knew not when I should return. In that distant land I received a letter from my family, and in that letter it was stated that a dear friend had given a token of regard to my youngest child, then a comparative infant, and my heart swelled more with affection for that friend than had he sent a token of affection to me. It was given to the smallest of my children, the little one, and he had done it unto me; and my heart, half across the globe, swelled with affection to a friend I could not see, because he had remembered a little one. So the great Father has his little ones scattered all over our land, in hovels, in cellars, in garrets, and abodes of affliction, and in scenes of poverty, and he sees when an act of kindness is done to one of the least of them, and in the heaven of heavens he says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."—*Bishop Hopkins.*

When some of his free-thinking friends reproached Goethe for wasting his time over the Bible, the poet responded: "I am convinced the Bible becomes more beautiful the more one understands it."

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth" (Gen. 1: 1). "This simple sentence denies atheism; for it assumes the being of God. It denies polytheism, and, among its various forms, the doctrine of two eternal principles, the one good and the other evil; for it confesses the one eternal Creator. It denies materialism; for it asserts the creation of matter. It denies pantheism; for it assumes the existence of God before all things and apart from them. It denies fatalism; for it involves the freedom of the Eternal Being."—*Dr. Murphy.*

The Lord our Shepherd has a large pasture ground. He takes us in the summer to the mountains, and in the winter to the valleys. Warm days of prosperity come, and we stand on sun-gilt Sabbaths and on hills of transfiguration; and we are so high up we can catch a glimpse of the pinnacles of the heavenly city. Then cold, wintry days of trouble come, and we go down into the valley of sickness, want and bereavement, and we say: "Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" But, blessed be God, the Lord's sheep can find pasture anywhere. Between two rocks of trouble a tuft of succulent promise; green pastures beside still waters; long, sweet grass between bitter graves. You have noticed the structure of the sheep's mouth. It is so sharp that it can take up a blade of grass or clover-top from the very narrowest spot. And so God's sheep can pick up comfort where others can gather none. The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him. Rich pasture, fountain-fed pasture, for all the flock of the good Shepherd.—*Talma.*

From the ceiling of the Sistine chapel look down the marvellous frescoes of Michael Angelo. In that chapel also is the overshadowing awe of his work, "The Last Judgment." Angelo, working with the rapidity and power of genius, was only twenty months in decorating his part of the building. There was the intense application of genius also. He turned the key in the chapel door. He permitted no one to come in, even getting ready his own colors. That he might paint in the night, he put together a kind of card-board helmet. In it he fastened a candle. Then both hands were free, and yet he was sure to have a light. The latter shone faithfully down on the work, guiding the busy hands. The Christian worker should feel that his hope in Jesus is just such a light. It is never in his way. It leaves his hands free. He can work on intensely and incessantly. Still his hope shines on.

Some men's hope always seems to be in the way of their Christian activity. They are worrying about it all the time. They go round like a man turning a corner with a lamp in one hand, while with the other he anxiously covers it from the draft. We need not be worried continually to know if our hope is burning. If I can say, "Thou art my lamp, O Lord," I know my lamp will shine on. My hands are free for active labor. What if I get so absorbed in work for Christ, that I am not thinking definitely about my hope? The great painter, as he saw burning before him the colors that his candle lighted up, must have become so interested that at times he did not think about the latter, but it faithfully shone on. Not that one may be careless about his hope and rush on heedlessly. Sometimes, the painter needed to take off his card-board helmet and look after his light. Sometimes, it is well for a Christian in meditation to ask himself about his hope. It is only to be an occasional exercise, though, never micro-

scopic, never to be a torment to him. The rule is that it is a great deal better to be busy with Christian work, making self-examination occasional, knowing that Jesus won't let our light go out. There are disciples who don't seem to have got into the liberty of justification that leaves the hands free and the soul at peace about its hope. They are in a worry all the time lest they lose that which was given to keep them from worrying. Keep busy at work, Christian. Up above is the soft, guiding light. Down below your hands may be busy, leaving fadeless impressions.—*S. S. Times.*

PRECIOUS PARAGRAPHS.

"Our sufficiency is of God." In theory all believe this, in practice thousands are skeptical. Few are prepared to venture all upon him. Yet our success depends upon it. As men we have influence, but it is weak, superficial, fitful, compared to the power with which Christ endued those who wholly trust him. Ministers often make converts mainly through the power of magnetism and human ingenuity, but they are strong ground converts. The more of Christ there is in the preacher, the more are likely to be converted, and the deeper will be the work of grace. That is what we now need most. There are talent, skill and eloquence in the ministry, but a lack of the power of Christ. —*Baptist Union.*

As the beauty of the world is set off by a graceful variety, so it is with the Scriptures.

There are sublime truths that the most

aspiring reason of man cannot overstep.

There are more plain and easy truths, on

which the weakest capacity may converse

with delight and satisfaction. No man is

offended with his garden for having a shady

thicket in it; neither should we be offend-

ed by the Word of God, that among so many

fair and open walks we here and there meet

with a thicket that the eye of human wis-

dom cannot look through.—*Bishop Hopkins.*

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execute judgment" (Jude 14). Also Daniel the prophet bears witness, "Behold, one like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of days, and they brought him near before him. And there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations and languages should serve him" (Dan. 7: 13). Witness also the angel Gabriel, saying: "He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David, and he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end"—Luke 1: 32. Also the prophet Zechariah, saying: "He shall speak peace unto the heathen, and his dominion shall be from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth"—Zech. 9: 10; Psa. 72: 12. "All men shall be blessed in him; all nations shall call him blessed."—Psa. 72: 17. "In the regeneration, when the Son of Man shall sit in the throne of his glory," "at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth, and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father"—Phil. 2: 10. Heaven and earth, inside and out, shall crown him with glory and praise.

While words represent things, the word *earth* represents this planet on which we live, and in which the throne of David was and in Jesus will be "as long as the sun and moon endure" (Psa. 72: 5). And the same word which promises the kingdom, locates it in the earth. As children of God we believe, and thankfully accept our Father's word. No man may accept the word of the kingdom, and reject the word of its domain,—accept one part of the promise and reject the other, or count it of no importance. Countless promises of the kingdom of our Lord to come in the earth are recorded in the Scriptures. One may as well doubt whether he lives on the earth and is returning to the dust, as to doubt whether the regenerated earth shall be the seat of the New Jerusalem, and "of the throne of God and of the Lamb" (Rev. 22: 3). "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout" (1 Thess. 4: 16). "And the kingdom, and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him"—Dan. 7: 27.

Philadelphia, Pa.

SPEAK NOT EVIL ONE OF ANOTHER, BRETHREN!

BY J. BUFFUM.

Is not this admonition of the apostle (James 4: 11) too little heard in all our circles of acquaintance, even in all our church circles? What is more common than "evil speaking"? If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness" (Gal. 6: 1). Instead of doing this, are we not apt to speak to almost every one else about it rather than the person thus overtaken? "These things ought not so to be." It is painful to listen to the evil speaking so prevalent, in doors and out, even among those who profess to be servants of Christ. When a brother or sister in the Lord stumbles—or indeed when any person falls into sin—why need we say a word about it to any other person in the world? Cases may occur where duty may call us to make known their sin, but evil reports spread fast enough without us helping them along. Too much of the daily intercourse of neighbors and acquaintances is occupied in speaking of, or exposing the faults of, those around them. The direction given us by the Holy Spirit through the prophet Jeremiah (chap. 9: 4) is not out of place in our day: "Take heed every one of his neighbor, and trust ye not in any brother; for every brother will utterly supplant, and every neighbor will walk with slanders." Even if what we hear concerning a neighbor be not a "slander," but truth, it is no part of our duty to busy ourselves in spreading it. I have heard of a good old Quaker, who, after listening to his daughter while repeating to a companion some disparaging tales about a young lady of their acquaintance, remarked: "Well, daughter, she has told us a good deal that is unfavorable about thy absent friend; cannot thee now tell us something good, or favorable, concerning her?"

We are admonished to "grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby we are sealed unto the day of redemption"; and this is immediately followed by the caution: "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice" (Eph. 4: 30, 31); so if we are among those who are looking daily for "the day of redemption" spoken of here, how extremely careful and prayerful should we be to "put away" all these things, and seek by God's help to attain unto the perfectness of the man "that offendeth not in word" (James 3: 2). In this connection the same apostle says: "Behold also the ships, which although they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm whithersoever the governor listeth, even so to the tongue" (James 4: 5). As I have in time past on the sea, by earnest endeavor, watchful care, and patient, persevering effort, learned to steer many a "great ship," even when "driven by fierce winds," and when the sea ran high: so it seems to me that by earnest endeavor, watchful care, and patient, persevering effort, accompanied with fervent prayer, we may by God's help be able to learn how to handle our helm (the tongue) so as to steer ourselves straight along the course to our heavenly port, and not make so crooked a wake (path) as we have done in the past. Let us with David resolve "to take heed to our ways, that we sin not with our tongue" (Psa. 39: 1), and with him earnestly pray: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips" (Psa. 141: 3). For "if any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body" (James 3: 2). If we do not have that constant joy and

peace daily in the Holy Ghost that it is our privilege to enjoy, may it not be because of our heedlessness in this matter of "evil speaking"—having thereby grieved the heavenly Dove, the Holy Spirit? We all know how easily frightened away a dove is, and how careful we must be in order to keep one near us: so it is with the Holy Ghost. What may seem to us a trifling may drive away that blessed Comforter. "Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath" (James 1: 19), and let us be careful to get "the beam" out of our own eye, before we meddle with or talk about "the mote" that is in the eye of our brother or sister. Amen.

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The Advent Herald.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 12, 1873.

THE LEGS OF IRON."

"All ancient writers, both Jewish and Christian," says Bishop Newton, "agree with Jerome in explaining the fourth kingdom [of Daniel's visions, chapter 2nd and 7th] to be the Roman. Porphyry, who was a heathen, and an enemy of Christ, was the first who broached the other opinion [that it was the government of the Lagide and of the Selucidae], which, though it has been maintained since by some of the moderns, is yet not only desultory of the authority, but is even contrary to the authority of both Scripture and history. It is a just observation of Mr. Mede, who was as able and as consummate a judge as any in these matters: 'The Roman empire to be the fourth kingdom of Daniel, was believed by the church of Israel both before and in our Saviour's time; received by the disciples of the apostles, and the whole Christian church for the first three hundred years, without any known contradiction. And I confess, having so good ground in Scripture, it is with me *tantum non artius fidei*, little less than an article of faith!'"—*Dissert. on the Prop.*, Vol. I., p. 217.

While there is this general agreement respecting "the fourth kingdom" being the Roman, some have advanced the view that as in the fourth century Constantine removed the seat of government from Rome to the ancient Byzantium—which he enlarged, beautified and called Constantinople after his own name,—and as subsequently we have in history what is known as "Eastern and Western Rome," the "legs" of the great image are designed to indicate this two-fold division; and if "the future antichrist" arises in the Eastern division anywhere he will be appropriately symbolized by the "little horn" on the head of "the fourth beast."

To our mind there are insuperable objections to this view. James Smith, in his "Plain Thoughts on the Sealed Book," thus forcibly urges one objection:

"According to the facts of history the division of the image into thighs and legs was either too early or too late for the division of the Roman Empire into the eastern and western.

"Too early if our common reading, 'belly and thighs,' be correct; for as the gold was Babylonian, the silver Medo-Persian, the brass Grecian, and the iron Roman, so, by this reading, both belly and thighs being brazen—Grecian—would demand that that division of the Empire should take place under the third, the Grecian, instead of under the fourth, the Roman monarchy, which is far too early.

"And too late if the marginal reading, 'belly and sides,' be correct. According to this reading that division would require to have taken place at the junction of the iron thighs with the Grecian belly and sides of brass, at the very first assumption of power by Rome, which was by far too late for this reading.

"Either way, then, the division of the Roman Empire into east and west was by far too early or by far too late for either of these readings, indeed for the prediction itself. Any superstructure based upon such a flimsy foundation of necessity must fall without any storm.

"The grand object of the great image obviously was to measure the long period stretching downward from the days of Daniel and the times of the vision of Nebuchadnezzar until the time of the setting up of the Millennial kingdom of the God of heaven: the four metals being representative of the four monarchies which were to intervene—Babylon, Medo-Persia, Greece and Rome, without any notice whatever of the division of the Roman Empire into eastern and western.

"All such fancies and suppositions, striking coincidences enough although they may be, ever ought to be taken for just what they are worth, and no more.

"We can find no evidence here whatever for the eastern origin of the Anti-christ."—pp. 260-1.

It may be proper to add, that Mr. Smith himself is looking for a personal Antichrist yet to arise, but maintains that "Rome is the city of the beast," and that antichrist will be "the last, the greatest, and the worst of all the kings of Rome." That the "little horn" power of Daniel seventh belongs to Rome proper—western Rome, as it is called—we are and have been long fully satisfied, but that its rise and rule are still future we do not believe.

SMITH ON THE APOCALYPSE.

We shall not be likely to keep on hand for sale *Plain Thoughts on the Sealed Book* noticed in the *Herald* of Jan. 22d; the demand for it among our readers would not be sufficient to warrant it, differing so widely as it does from the views which are generally held among us. As some however might like to obtain it we refer to it now for the purpose of correcting an error in the address previously given. The author's address is, James Smith, care of Thomas Russell, 144 West 15th Street, New York, and the price

of the book \$2.00, or \$2.20 including postage. We notice that Dr. H. Bonar, in the *London Quarterly Journal of Prophecy* for October, says of it:

"This is an able and remarkably well-written book. We do not consider its expostions, but still we can speak of it as worthy of attention and study. It is *futuristic* in its views, but not exactly in the line of the usual futurist interpreters."

This is a fair notice. We have already given some extracts from the work, and intend to give more. Our purpose has ever been to pick up good thoughts wherever we can find them, and thereby make our columns rich and readable.

AN AFFIRMATIVE ANSWER.

Mrs. O., in writing to a friend enclosed in the envelope the tract of our "Question Series"—Are you waiting for Christ? to which the following response was given:

"Yes, I'm waiting with a longing
I cannot suppress.—
Praying, O my blessed Saviour,
Come reign in righteousness.
Yes, I'm waiting—watching meanwhile
For the coming day;
For the night of toil and sorrow
Soon shall pass away.
Yes, I'm waiting while I labor
My Lord's will to do,—
Striving to be faithful ever
With the faithful few.
Yes, I'm waiting while I'm hoping
Soon my Lord to see
Crowned with glory, with his angels—
Then he'll smile on me."

To be waiting, watching, working and witnessing for Christ is the proper attitude of the believer. As the pious Matthew Henry observes, "to watch implies not only to believe that our Lord will come, but to desire that he would come, to be often thinking of his coming, and always looking for it, as sure and near, and the time of it uncertain; to watch for Christ's coming is to maintain that gracious temper and disposition of mind which we would be willing that our Lord, when he comes, should find us in; to watch is to be aware of the first notices of his approach, that we may immediately attend his motions, and address ourselves to the duty of meeting him. Watching is supposed to be in the night, which is sleeping time; while we are in this world it is night with us, and we must take pains to keep ourselves awake." According to this well known commentator "watching for Christ" implies not a little, yet we cannot think that he makes too much of it. Truly blessed is that servant whom our Lord when he cometh shall find watching and waiting.

SIGNS OF SUMMER.

The Rev. J. C. Ryle, B. A., rector of Helmingham, Suffolk, England, is an Episcopal minister whose name is known to many on this side of the sea from his "Expository Thoughts on the Gospels" and numerous small, practical works. He is a decided millenarian—earnest and outspoken on the subject of the Lord's coming. The following paragraph from his pen deserves attention, and reminds us of the poet's statement, based on words of Jesus (Mark 13: 28, 29),

"Budding fig-trees tell that summer Dawns o'er the land;
Signs portend that Jesus' coming Is nigh at hand."

"It becomes all true Christians to observe carefully the public events of their own day. It is not only a duty to do this, but a sin to neglect it. Our Lord reproved the Jews for 'not discerning the signs of the times' (Matt. 16: 3). They did not see that the sceptre was passing away from Judah, and the weeks of Daniel running out. Let us beware of falling into their error. Let us rather open our eyes and look at the world around us. Let us mark the drying up of the Turkish power, and the increase of such things however may be inferred from the following item with which a reporter's sketch of the trial closes:

"The Town Hall was filled with people in the evening, but the character of the gathering presented a striking contrast to that which crowded the room during the day, for instead of the trial of a murderer for a heinous crime and the spectators attending it, the floor was cleared, and upon it were gay and light-hearted young people dancing to the measure of enlivening music."

HERALD, FEBRUARY 12, 1873.

earth in a few hours, what would be the effect of an eruption on a larger scale? What would happen to men and animals if an explosion as general as that in T. Coronae Borealis took place in our sun? In May, 1866, that star, which is usually invisible to the naked eye, suddenly flamed up till it was as bright as a star of the second magnitude. When examined by Miller and Huggins it was found to be enveloped by a prodigious atmosphere of hydrogen hotter than its own photosphere. In a few days it dwindled away and sank to its former insignificance.

"But what must have been the fate of animated beings on the surrounding planets, if any such there were? They were undoubtedly consumed at once and utterly dissipated. Who shall say that our sun, which is also a star, will not do the same to-morrow, or the next day, and thus the dread prediction of the Scriptures be realized at any moment? Most assuredly we have no guarantee to the contrary, and can only comfort ourselves with the reflection that while hydrogen is certainly there, and also an awful store of force to heat and project it, yet such convulsions are rare in the order of nature, and therefore the world may outlast our time. Nevertheless, both astronomy and geology inform us that there have been periods of great variation in the heat-giving power of our sun, and we may well be disquieted at the possible approach of a time when the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth also, and the works that are therein, be burned up."

CORRESPONDENTS have a good "social meeting" in the "Correspondence" department this week, as will be seen by the "Extracts from letters" especially. Hope they will keep it up, and that the "protracted meeting" will result in such a revival of "pure and undefiled religion" that many will long to speak that they may be refreshed. Why not?

MURDER AND MIRTH.

The trial of Franklin B. Evans for the murder of Georgiana Lovering, of Northwood, N. H., on the 25th of Oct. 1872, was concluded Wednesday afternoon at Exeter. He was found guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be executed the third Tuesday of February 1874. The murderer is in his sixty-seventh year and his victim was but little more than thirteen years old. The particulars of the case as given in the daily papers are exceedingly revolting, and show it to have been one of the most dastardly and bloodiest deeds on record.

How little the multitudes are impressed with such things however may be inferred from the following item with which a reporter's sketch of the trial closes:

"The Town Hall was filled with people in the evening, but the character of the gathering presented a striking contrast to that which crowded the room during the day, for instead of the trial of a murderer for a heinous crime and the spectators attending it, the floor was cleared, and upon it were gay and light-hearted young people dancing to the measure of enlivening music."

Thus murder and mirth go hand in hand, rendering true the words of the wise man: "The heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart while they live, and after that they go to the dead." Only divine grace can save the heart from the "madness" of sin in every form. That sin rules but to ruin is undeniable. It often brings trouble here, but it will bring greater hereafter: for it is "appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment."

A PARDON CONCEALED.

"Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee," was the command of Christ to the man out of whom he had cast many devils (Mark 5: 18, 19). "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven," was the counsel of the same Saviour to his disciples in general (Matt. 5: 16); and the duty of "confessing with the mouth the Lord Jesus" as well as "believing in the heart" that God has raised him from the dead, i. e. practically. The Bible most clearly teaches that this age is to end amid judgments, and gives the signs of its approach to Christ's second advent not calculated to accomplish the object. Please give it a place in our paper for the benefit of others. Yours fraternally.

L. T. E.

DEAR BROTHER:—I most heartily sympathize with you in your anxiety for the conversion of souls to Christ, for I fully believe that unless they are converted they will weep, and wail, and gnash their teeth forever in Gehenna. But neither you nor I can convert them. Neither can the Holy Ghost except through the truth. Now I have been preaching in this city for several years, and it has become my firm and settled conviction that our churches do not believe the Bible, which is always refreshing—not of our dear old home in Vermont, where the precious dust of our loved ones is sleeping, but of the better home for which the lonely, weary heart is ever sighing, where the dear ones shall come from the land of the enemy. We feel more and more that we have here no abiding place and "no continuing city," and that our Michigan home is only a resting-place on the journey.

We hope the time may come before long when we shall be able to defray the expenses of one of our Advent ministers, and send for one to come and preach here for a time. The doors are wide open, and we think much good might be accomplished. President Graham of Hillsdale College preached an excellent advent sermon here a few weeks since. Professor Dunn of the same place preaches here half of the time, and we like him. The Baptist pastor is a good man and gives us good doctrine, but does not profess to understand the prophecies, though he says he thanks God that he "never believed in any other coming of Christ than a personal and premillennial one."

If "present truth" were believed by the church as it should be, she would at once cut loose from the world and begin to live only for Christ and the coming kingdom. Then the world would be moved more than it is now under the proclamation of the gospel. Again, future punishment has come to be delayed altogether, or else it is whittled down to a mere trifling, so that the church does not feel that concern for men's salvation that she once felt. And the convictions of sinners will never rise higher than those of Christians.

If ministers and people believed, felt, and talked as they would if their faith took hold of the great fact that the day of judgment is right upon us, and that all not "born again" would sink into an endless hell, then doubtless many would be moved to seek the Lord (but if they did not, our skirts would be clear of their blood). The truth is, the Holy Ghost is grieved because ministers and people have so generally closed their hearts to the reception of his utterances respecting Christ's second coming; and no truth can take the place of this. Now, as anxious as I am to have men saved (and my anxiety is often so intense that I cannot sleep), yet it will continue to be true that "evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived." Noah could not save the people in his time, nor could Lot. Neither did Christ save all. They saved

some, and so can we.

If you and your people should heartily embrace the truth that Christ is at the door, and throw your whole soul into it, and leave God to take care of results, you would, no doubt, see a genuine work of grace, if not one so extensive as might be desired. I tell you, God's voice in historic prophecy cannot be neglected with impunity. I am very anxious for you, my brother, at this time. Your decision now will greatly affect your future interest and that of multitudes. "Present truth" has just been brought before you as never before, perhaps, and by it you are placed in a new position of responsibility. If the proclamation to which you have just listened is the counterpart of that given by John the Baptist, the twelve and the seventy, and by Christ himself, as undoubtedly it is, viz.: that the "reign of Messiah is at hand," then to reject it is to "reject the counsel of God against ourselves," as did the Jews formerly (Luke 7: 29, 30). I beg of you not to indulge the idea that such preaching is not calculated to lead men to Jesus; for if they would embrace a partial gospel when a full exhibit of it would be discredited and rejected, they might be able thus to gain an entrance into the church, and so have it appear to the pastor and members that great good was being done, when in fact, these persons would all the while be on the road to hell. Many would repeat if the great truth of this age were endorsed by the churches as it should be, and if not, their faithfulness would leave them without excuse. The masses know full well that the ministry, as a body, have no sympathy with the doctrine of Christ's speedy advent, and so they treat the subject with indifference and unbelief. "Have any of the

darkness. It is indeed 'perilous times,' and if ever our Lord required faithfulness, patience and perseverance on the part of his chosen ones it is now. It seems to me that all who do not take this stand for God, and him alone, will be 'carried away with the error of the wicked,' and lose all that interior, heart religion which alone will honor God or benefit man in the day of his coming. His grace alone can enable us to endure unto the end, and be ready at any moment to enter in to the marriage supper of the Lamb. We think much of the weekly visits of the *Herald*, and hope it may continue to be a faithful exponent of God's truth until Jesus shall come and dismiss us from the field of battle."

Bro. Charles B. Snow, of Edgartown, Mass., writes Jan. 28th:

"I have no Advent preaching but what I get from the *Herald* and the Bible. We hear much said of the world's conversion and of the universal triumph of Christianity, but for one I reject the doctrine as a fable of the last days. It is of recent date. It was not the faith of the church until the last century. The parable of the wheat and tares as explained by our Lord, and his declaration that 'as it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the days of the coming of the Son of man,' forbid the idea. The prophets of the Old Testament and the apostles of the New describe the last days as dark, gloomy and perilous, with the church fallen and far from God, and the world filled with crime and violence. They tell us that the 'man of sin' is to remain in the world until the Lord comes and destroys him by the brightness of his coming (2 Thess. 2: 1-8), and that there is to be no millennium of righteousness until 'the first resurrection, at the return of our Saviour. Surely we have fallen on strange times, when the church has become so degenerate as to cast out her children for looking for and speaking of the coming of her Lord. But let us gird on our armor and fight valiantly 'till the good fight of faith; for when God works for his people just then is the time for Satan to practice his impositions upon those he can get under his foul influence. I am thankful to God for his kindness in raising up friends who can comfort each other on their way through this world of sorrow and death. No ties are stronger than those which unite the hearts of believers, though widely separated from each other; and when Christian brethren and sisters exchange their kind and cheering admonitions, how soothing to the troubled breast those heavenly whispers are!"

Sister Martha Conkey writes from Burlington, Vt., Jan. 27th:

"I cannot tell you how much we love the *Herald*. It is as one of our household. I have seen its face every week since my childhood, as it has come regularly to gladden our hearts with the good news of our returning Saviour — of his coming to reign on earth, to wipe away all tears from our eyes, and to remove for ever all sickness and death. Long years have come and gone and still we are looking for our beloved Lord, for we know he will come. The world is in darkness, but those who believe in Jesus and take heed to the sure word of prophecy are not. They are the children of light and of the day. Now is the time to work, and to do all we can to save precious souls from death. Brother, be of good cheer; work, wait and be faithful a little longer. What if dark clouds hover over you for a time — remember that the smiling face of our loving Father is ever behind to shine all the brighter when seen again. How good it is to trust in the Lord at all times and to pray much! I fear that we, as Christ's children, do not pray enough, nor study his holy Word as much as we ought; for it is the bread of life to all who love him, and if we do not eat of it how can we live?"

Bro. Jacob Roberts writes from Middletown, Conn., Jan. 17th:

"I was confined to my bed during the summer for nearly three months, and when I had strength to lie and read I found the *Herald* a great comfort to me. I have occasionally lent the paper to my neighbors and have sent them abroad, into North Carolina, Texas, Kansas and elsewhere. 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days,' says the Preacher. Capt. M. of this city, a few months since, in clearing out the garret of a dwelling house owned by him and which had been rented to others (not Adventists), picked up an old copy of the *Advent Herald*, and curiosity prompted him to lay it up for a leisure reading. The result was, he became deeply interested, and has since been taking to task some of the Congregational ministers (he being a Congregationalist) for not preaching Jesus and the resurrection as they ought. . . . God has been very kind to me. I had a present the other day of two dollars, which enables me to send something on my paper. Though past my eighty-third year I am able to read and write without the aid of glasses. I began to think that I had outlived my usefulness and was only fit to be laid aside and await the resurrection morn, but the command, 'Occupy till I come,' so forcibly impressed my mind that when I had strength to sit up in bed I wrote a number of letters to friends and relatives, and rejoice to learn that they have been blessed to the good of many and to the conversion of some to Christ."

Deacon Henry Lunt, of Newburyport, Mass., who has acted as one of our agents for many years, writes under date of Jan. 27th:

"The *Herald* continues to be a great source of edification and comfort to myself and the subscribers whom I circulate it; and I am often consoled with the thought that I am thus aiding in defending God's plan of redemption as revealed in his blessed Word, and in hastening the time when 'He will shew who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings and Lord of lords.' It is more than thirty years since God by his Word and Spirit impressed my mind with the idea that the time is at hand, and although I have passed through disappointment and severe trials yet my heart has enjoyed his favor through the merit of Jesus, 'everlasting consolation and good hope through grace'; and I dare believe that what

he has promised he is able to bring to pass, and that he will give the little flock the kingdom prepared for them. As I advance in life (being now about 56 years old) I often think if our Lord does not soon come in his glory I may be soon in weakness — as the apostles express in the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians: — but if it should please Him to permit me to fall under the power of death I believe I shall be raised in power by his Spirit that dwelleth in me. May all the saints scattered abroad who are looking and waiting for the Lord, have their loins girt about with truth, their lamps burning, and be ready to open to the Master immediately in the day of his revelation."

Obituary.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Sabbath, the 24th day of November last, was the three hundredth anniversary of the day of the death of JOHN KNOX, the great reformer of Scotland — a day far better to him, though not to the country that owes him so deep a debt of gratitude, than was the day of his birth. "Go," he said to his wife a few hours before the end, "read where I cast my first anchor." She read the seventeenth chapter of John's Gospel. When his faithful attendant, Ballantyne, perceived that he was speechless, he requested him to give them a sign that he died in peace. Upon this, as if gaining new strength, he lifted up one of his hands, and, sighing twice, expired without a struggle.

In the beginning of this century it had become the fashion with historians to denounce John Knox as a most unlovely character; as at once a sour bigot and an unscrupulous revolutionist; as a subverter of institutions venerable by age, while a fanatical prosecutor of his own novelties; as an insult of royal ladies and a destroyer of noble works of art; a man, in short, who regarded neither the convictions of others, nor the misery and ruin he produced in the setting up of his own views. Now this prejudice of historians has been driven back before the evidence of facts, and has given place to a very different historical verdict.

Wherever church history is studied, he is admitted to have been in every respect one of the best, as he was in some respects the greatest, of British reformers. England can claim a share in him as well as Scotland. While banished from his native land, he was for some time a minister in the southern kingdom, was offered a bishopric (which he declined), took part in the preparation of the Thirty-nine Articles, and, as has been lately shown, was probably the person to whom chiefly the Church of England owes its first Book of Common Prayer. This fact has long been used as a stock objection with infidels, and with interpreters who dwell on the border-land of infidelity, and it has even been picked up and appropriated by Strauss, as casting doubt on the reality of the entire narrative. Was it credible, it has been said, that our Lord's parents could have taken a long day's journey, and never once have inquired for a child so deserving of their love? This is another instance of that skeptical quarrelling with the Scripture narrative which has its origin in half-knowledge. Joseph and Mary, it is probable, were only a few miles distant from the city when they made their painful discovery. We saw Jerusalem on the day of our encampment on our way southeastward.—Dr. A. Thompson.

THE NEW DRUNKENNESS.

Christians and philanthropists make a great mistake when they conclude that drunkenness in the United States is exclusive or generally caused by the use of alcoholic liquors. This may have been true forty years ago, but it is not true now.

There is growing up in our midst a class of men suffering from intoxication, or drunkenness, to use the common term, who do not touch alcoholic liquors in any form. They are pledged not to do it, and this pledge they keep; yet they are either habitual or periodical drunkards, and to such degree as to be totally incompetent to the performance of the ordinary duties of life, and in large measure more unfit for these duties when drunkenness is not on them than they would be were they never drunk.

One of the saddest things connected with all forms of inebriety is, that when the person is not actually intoxicated, he suffers from the reflex irritation of the former drunken fit. Your sober man who occasionally gets drunk is not half so much of a man when sober as he would be were he never drunk.

Of the intoxicating drugs used by persons who do not drink alcoholic liquors as beverages, I may mention three: opium, which is extract of poppy; hashish, which is extract of hemp; and absinthe, which is extract of wormwood.

Absinthe is the most powerful intoxicant known. Its primary effect is upon the imagination, becrazing it, making the subject undergo wonderful hallucinations, amounting to a sort of *delirium tremens*, without the accompanying effect upon the muscular structure which alcoholic poison induces. The man lives bereft of all recognized associations with the things immediately around him. He seems to be transferred to another sphere of life, and while performing ordinary corporeal acts, walking, sitting, standing, lying down, eating, drinking, and the like, he seems to have lost the power of associating these transactions with other conditions of living. Thus, supposing himself not to be on the earth, and therefore not subject to all earthly conditions, set him to walk by himself and he would walk off a deck into the water, or off a precipice, or off a pair of stairs if not prevented by a banister, the line of perception having been in his mind destroyed. This, however, he would do only when in his abstract or dreamy state. Passing out of this he becomes a beast, with no recognized moral sense. The proprieties of time and place are obliterated. His consciousness does not take them in. If the passion of quarrelsome ness is in him, he is restrained by no outward relations; of destructiveness the same is true, and he will kill or try to kill, as the fit is on him, whatever is in his skill, in dealing with timid, contrite souls.

Yes, such was the man to whom, more than any other, Scotland owes, under God, the reformation of her church, her celebrated educational system, and the preservation of her civil liberties; — things that have so influenced her character, and made her what she is. After this, it seems coming down to small things to add that he was possessed of genuine and genial personal humor; that he wrote, too, in a pure English style — losing nothing by an occasional spicce of Scotticism — that was far ahead of that of all his northern contemporaries; and that he was an admirable historian — his history of the Scottish Reformation being racy and instructive, and forming delightful reading to this day.

Knowing all this, how impressive become almost his last words on the day of his death. He had fallen into an apparent slumber, when he awoke and sighed deeply. When asked the cause, he replied, "I have formerly, during my frail life, sustained many contests and many assaults of Satan."

Often before he had placed my sins before my eyes, often tempted me to despair, often endeavored to ensnare me by the allurements of the world; but these weapons were broken by the sword of the Spirit, the Word of God, and the enemy fled. Now, the cunning serpent has labored to persuade me that I have merited heaven and eternal blessedness by the faithful discharge of my ministry. But blessed be God, who has enabled me to beat down and quench this fiery dart, by suggesting to me such passages of Scripture as these: 'What hast thou that thou hast not received?' — 'By the grace of God I am what I am.' — 'Not I, but the grace of God in me.' Upon this, as one vanquished, he left me. Wherefore I give thanks to God through Jesus Christ, who has given me the victory.

No man in history is more eminently

true, that his works do follow him. — *British Messenger.*

DANGER OF HALF-KNOWLEDGE.

The practice of taking advantage of the early morning for travelling is a necessity in the East, in order to get the full benefit of the cooler hours of the day, and to have time for the rest and repast at noon, when travelling would be intolerably oppressive and often dangerous. But while this is the unvarying practice when proceeding from day to day on a pilgrimage, it is never done on the first day of a departure. On that day the party does not leave until within a few hours of sunset, and often pitches its tent on the first night within sight of the place which it has left. This was our uniform experience. The custom, which has all the authority of law, is very ancient, and allusion to it can be discovered in Jewish writers at least a century before Christ.

The reason in which it appears to have originated was the very simple one that if, on

the use of opiates. These were taken with an apparent good effect. When he undertook to leave them off, back came all the old horrors with additional intensity. Medical counsel was again called. By this time he was in the full sweep of theological study. He was told that he must give up study if he wanted to give up opium. He thought it all over; felt that it was now or never with him in respect to graduating from his seminary; confined opium; got through with honor; was licensed and ordained as preacher; became pastor of a people who were highly pleased with him; his sermons were characterized by great brilliancy; he was full of fervor; the people thought him anointed of God, and he seemed to carry with him in his associations high spiritual illuminations. All this while he was in a sense *drunk*, not having been sober for years.

The use of opium was slowly producing deadly physical effects. New medical counsel was had. Absinthe was advised. As he gave up alcohol for opium, so he gave up opium for absinthe; and then in his distress came to me. I said to him that I doubted whether I could do him any good, but would try. I had his secret to keep. That made the case all the worse. Nevertheless I assumed the responsibility. No one among us but myself knew that he was a minister. In truth, when he came to me his people did not know where he was going. He obtained leave of absence because of failing health; did not know but he might go to Europe, to Saratoga Springs, or to some other noted watering place, though he had it in his mind to come to Our Home. I never had a worse case to deal with.

He was put under treatment, and had to go over the whole track backward, from absinthe to opium, from opium to alcoholic liquors, from these to tea of the strongest kind, and from that to water. And thus I saved him. I had to deal with him from the point of psychological abnormality.

This man, so wretched and so depraved, is now in good health; restored, delivered from the power of his own passions, set in his right mind and brought into right relations with his fellows and the work he has to do, by bringing to bear upon the divine authority as inscribed upon his being through the laws which his Creator had placed over it. — *Journal of Health.*

NIAGARA FALLS DRY FOR A DAY.

The winter of 1848 had been intensely cold, and the ice formed on Lake Erie was very thick. This was loosened around the shores by the warm days of early spring.

During the day a stiff easterly wind moved the whole field up the lake. About sundown the wind chopped suddenly around and blew a gale from the west. This brought the vast tract of ice down again with such tremendous force that it filled the neck of the lake and the outlet, so that the outflow of the water was very greatly impeded. Of course it only needed a very short space of time for the Falls to drain off the water below Black Rock. The consequence was that, when we awoke in the morning at Niagara, we found that our river was nearly half gone. The American Channel had dwindled to a respectable creek. The British Channel looked as though it had been smitten with a quick consumption, and was fast passing away. The rocks were bare, black and forbidding. The river of Niagara had subsided almost to a moan. The scene was desolate, and but for its novelty and the certainty that it would change before many hours, would have been gloomy and saddening. Every person who has visited Niagara will remember a beautiful jet of water which shoots up out of the water about forty rods south of the outer Sister in the great rapids, called with a singular contradiction of terms, the "Leaping Rock." The writer drove a buggy from near the head of Goat Island out to a point above and near to that jet. With a log-cart and four horses he had drawn from the outside of the outer island a stick of pine timber, hewed twelve inches square and forty feet long. From the top of the middle island was drawn a still larger stick, hewed on one side, and sixty feet long. There are few places on the globe where a person would be less likely to go lumbering than in the rapids of Niagara, just above the brink of the Horse Shoe fall. All the people of the neighborhood were abroad exploring recesses and cavities that had never before been exposed to mortal eyes. The writer went some distance up the shore of the river. Large fields at the muddy bottom lay bare. The singular spray of the waters lasted all the day, and night closed over the strange scene. But in the morning our river was restored in all its strength, beauty, and majesty, and we were glad to welcome its swelling tide once more. — *Shafesbury.*

PUT THROUGH THE CATECHISM.

In the *Christian Intelligencer* are some reminiscences of the late Dr. Alexander McClelland, once of Carlisle, Pa., and in latter years of New Brunswick, N. J., from which we make the following extract:

"Dr. McClelland's favorite places of preaching were in the country at some of the numerous 'springs,' and especially in Perry County, Pa., where he could see original characters, and encounter wit, and acuteness, and shrewd controversy, even if they were blinded with fumes of tobacco and old rye whiskey. On one of these occasions, after a

a tramp with his gun over the mountains, he reported himself, late on Saturday night, wet and muddy to the last degree, at the door of a ruling elder. The elder, who had been hearing the children and servants saying their questions before the holy Sabbath, eyed the new-comer with considerable suspicion. 'An what for noo d'y'e gang such a gait as this night? Are ye fro the valley?' Yes he had come from the valley. 'An do ye know your catechism?' What is the chief end of man?' That answer was returned, and then question followed question until the stranger went clear through the book from one blue cover to the other — the reward for which was a good supper and a night's lodging, and welcome. The next morning the minister they expected from Carlisle, the Rev. Alexander McClelland, not having arrived, the old elder was in considerable tribulation. Imagine his surprise when, on arriving at the meeting house, the mighty stranger whom he had catechized so faithfully the night before mounted the pulpit, and turned out to be the very man they were expecting!"

THE DIFFUSION OF LIGHT.

An English lecturer, Mr. Spottiswoode,

explains the diffusion of light in this way:

The firmament is clear, pure space, with no contents, save a few miles of the atmosphere of our earth, and beyond that, as it is called, which is supposed to pervade all space, and to transmit light from the further limits of the stellar universe. But, apart from this ether, which is certainly inoperative to produce the sky appear as we see it, a very simple experiment will suffice to show that a diffusion, or, as it has been called, a scattering of light, is due to the presence of small articles in the air. If a beam from an electric lamp, or from the sun, be allowed to pass through a room, its track becomes visible, as is well known, by its reflection from the motes or floating bodies, in fact by the dust in the air. But if we clear the air of dust, by burning it with a spirit lamp placed underneath, the beam disappears from the parts so cleared, and the space becomes dark.

If, therefore, the air were pure and devoid of matter foreign to it, the azure of the sky would be no longer seen, and the heavens would appear black; the illumination of objects would be strong and glaring on the one side, and on the other

their shadows would be deep, and unrelied by the diffused light to which we are accustomed when we look out upon them. Now, setting aside the dust, there are always minute particles of water floating in the atmosphere. These vary in size from the great rain drops which fall to earth on a sultry day, through the intermediate forms of mist and of fine fleecy cloud, to the absolutely invisible minuteness of pure aqueous vapor which is present in the brightest of skies.

It is these particles which scatter the solar rays, and diffuse the heavens with light.

And it is a curious fact, established by Professor Tyndall while operating with minute traces of gaseous vapors, that while coarse particles scatter rays of every color equally

— in other words, scatter white light — finer

particles scatter fewer rays from the red end

of the spectrum, while the finest scatter only

those from the blue end. And in accordance with this law, clouds are white, clear sky is blue.

SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE.

The thing to be lamented is that the moment men of science get hold of a fact they immediately begin to set it in opposition to God's Word.

But the vaunted "fact" of Tuesday

often takes another shape on Wednesday,

and by Thursday is found to be no fact at all.

The truth is that geology, as a science, consists mainly of probable guesses. "That field of peat," says Sir Charles Lyell, "has probably been 7,000 years in course of formation."

"No," replies a friend of his own,

in a published criticism, "I think it quite

possible that it has only been 700 years in

growing." A piece of pottery is found in

the valley of the Nile, and a geologist imme-

diately argues that it must have lain there

more than 20,000 years. But an antiquarian

soon points out marks upon it which show it

The Family Circle.

BE HAPPY AS WE CAN.

This life is not all sunshine,
Nor is it yet all showers;
But storms and calms alternate,
As thorns among the flowers.
And while we seek the roses,
The thorns full oft we scan,
Still let us, though they wound us,
Be happy as we can.

This life has heavy crosses,
As well as joys to share,
And griefs and disappointments,
Which you and I must bear.
Yet, if Misfortune's lava
Entombs Hope's dearest plan,
Let us, with what is left us,
Be happy as we can.

The sum of our enjoyment
Is made of little things,
As off the broadest rivers
Are formed from smallest springs.
By treasuring small waters,
The rivers reach their span;
So we increase our pleasures,
Enjoying what we can.

There may be burning deserts,
Through which our feet must go,
But there are oases,
Where pleasant palm-trees grow.
And if we may not follow
The path our hearts would plan,
Let us make all around us
As happy as we can.

Perchance, we may not climb with
Ambition to its goal,
Still we may never "Present,"
When Duty calls the roll,
And whatever our appointment,
Be nothing less than MAN,
And cheerful in submission,
Be happy as we can.

BAALBEK AND ITS RUINS.

The ancient city of Baalbek is supposed by some to be the same as the Baalgad of the book of Joshua (ch. 12: 7; 13: 5). In the *Sunday School World* for February, the editor, Dr. R. Newton, gives the following interesting account of his visit to it:

ARRIVAL AT BAALBEK.

By noon the snow had ceased to fall. We then left the mountains behind us, and began to cross a wide and undulating plain, that lies between the Anti-Lebanon and Lebanon ranges. Between three and four o'clock, as we came over the brow of a hill, the famous city of Baalbek burst suddenly upon our sight, with all its interesting and majestic ruins. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the scene before us, as we came winding slowly down the side of this hill. The whole range of Lebanon was in sight on the other side of the plain. The mountains were all arrayed in spotless white, while gorgeous clouds were mantling their summits, and the sunshine was lighting them grandly up; making altogether a sight most beautiful and inspiring to contemplate. It reminded me, more than anything I have ever seen, of Bierstadt's great painting of "The Heart of the Andes."

OUR QUARTERS IN BAALBEK.

Most travellers pitch their tents, during their stay here, amidst the ruins of the Temple of the Sun. We would like to have done the same, but as we had left our tents behind, among the mountains, we could not do this; and even if the tents had been with us, the ground was all covered with snow, so that camping on it would have been anything but pleasant. Our dragoon, however, took us to a house in the modern village, a one-story building, with a sod-covered roof, where we found plain and primitive, but very comfortable, accommodations.

BAALBEK AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.

It is impossible to give the history of Baalbek. Its foundation and origin are of very early date. Its temples are supposed to be contemporaneous with those of Kaarac and Luxor. But mystery hangs over their early days; the traces of their history cannot be followed out.

Baalbek stands in the plain of Buka'a, at the northern end of a low range of hills, about a mile or two from the base of Anti-Lebanon. The original city was irregular in form and encompassed by walls, with towers at intervals. These walls, as now traced out, are two miles in circumference; but the modern village consists only of about one hundred houses, huddled together in a corner of the old site.

THE RUINS OF BAALBEK.

These are the chief point of interest in this famous place. We spent four days here, and had full opportunity of examining them. They are among the most interesting ruins to be found in the world. There are others more extensive, but none that present finer specimens of all that is most beautiful in architecture and sculpture. The Temple of Jupiter is the gem of the whole. It is larger than the Parthenon at Athens, and is the model after which both that and our own Girard College were built. Its antiquity is so great that it is not known when, or by whom, it was planned and erected. Its dimensions are 227 feet by 117. The style is Corinthian. It had 42 columns around it, 165 feet high and 6 feet 3 inches in diameter. Most of the columns have fallen, but nineteen of them are still standing. The walls of the central building remain, but their ornaments are greatly decayed. Some of the most delicate and intricate friezes and cornices are as distinct in figure and as sharp in outline now, after more than twenty centuries have passed over them, as if they were just fresh from the hands of the sculptor. The finest parts of this fine structure were destroyed, and ruined by the Turks. One miserable pasha put a mine of powder under a portion of it, and blew it up, to get five dollars' worth of lead from among the stones!

The Temple of Baal, or the Sun, is the most extensive of the ruins. The great circuit in front of it is 440 feet long by 370

wide. The walls of this court, as well as of the temple itself, are covered with the most elaborate and wonderful ornamentation. Only six of the original columns are left standing, with the cornice and the entablature above them. These are what are generally seen in pictures of these ruins. Nothing can exceed the exquisite taste and beauty which mark these splendid remains of antiquity. It is scarcely possible to imagine how perfectly magnificent these wonderful buildings must have been when they stood in all their completeness. And to see those prostrate columns and broken capitals lying tumbled together in utter confusion, and mouldering to decay, gives rise to very sad emotions. And yet, how impressive the lesson they teach, as to the vanity of wealth, intelligence, and skill, when consecrated to any other purpose than the service and glory of the living God!

THE GREAT STONES OF BAALBEK.

The most surprising thing about these ruins is the Cyclopian nature of the work to which they pertain. In the outer walls of the Temple of the Sun are some of the most enormous stones ever quarried, shaped, and put together by human hands. Some of them are 60 feet long and 12 feet square; and about a mile from the village, lying in the quarry from which the stones for these buildings were taken, is one stone even larger still. It lies in an inclined position, shaped, squared and dressed, but still connected, at one end, with the native rock to which it originally belonged. We measured this carefully, and found it 68 feet long by 15 square. We get a better idea of the stupendous dimensions of this stone when we think that, if it were set up on its end and excavated, it would make a four-story house, with the rooms in it 14 feet square and their ceilings 14 feet high. It is hard to imagine how such huge masses of solid stone were ever moved from the quarry, or raised to the places which they occupy. I doubt if the appliances of modern art or skill could accomplish it. It is calculated that it would require the united strength of 40,000 men, or an engine of 30,000 horse power, to move one of them.

A SABBATH AT BAALBEK.

We spent a Sabbath here. In the morning of the day one of my companions and I went by ourselves into the Temple of Jupiter, and sitting down just where the altar formerly stood, we went through the morning service of the Episcopal church, and then read a sermon. The opening sentences of the Te Deum, "We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord," &c., sounded very grand and impressive in that old shrine of idolatry. I have seldom enjoyed a season of worship more than I did that morning service in that old heathen temple.

EXPLORATION IN PALESTINE.

A valuable contribution to the literature of the Holy Land is likely to be the result of an expedition which sailed from this city about a month ago under the charge of Lieut. Edgar Z. Steever, of the United States army, who has received the necessary leave of absence from the Secretary of War. The small country of Palestine can be viewed in its whole extent from many places beside from Pisgah. From the waters of the Dead Sea, at its southern extremity, the snows of Mount Hermon can be distinguished. Nevertheless the whole current of Sacred History sets into Palestine from the East, and the relations which Israel had with Edom, Moab, Ammon, Bashan, and the Wilderness, from which they emerged as a new nation, render a thorough exploration of that region almost essential to a perfect comprehension of some important facts in the history of modern civilization. It is this region east of the Jordan which the Palestine Exploration Society especially intend to make known to us.

THIS DISTRICT, BEHIND THE HISTORICAL INTEREST.

This district, beside the historical interest which attaches to it, is of singular attraction to archeologists. Its ruins are not only great in size, but unique in character. Petra has a collection of temples, public buildings and private houses, not built, but carved out of the rock itself. North of Edom are scores of deserted cities, unchanged from century to century, owing to having been constructed throughout of massive stones. In many instances their builders seem to have been guided by the simple aim of indestructibility; so that not only the ceiling, but the doors and window-shutters, were made of heavy slabs which still rest on their pivots. This feature, of course, lends an exceptional interest to the explorations of such a country compared with other ancient lands whose cities have long since crumbled away.

THE LITTLE GIRL NAMED JANIE.

This little girl who was so very young, had learned to love the thought of Jesus coming, and to expect Him; and many little ones are now waiting for God's Son from heaven, but they are only those who are not afraid to meet Him.

JESUS HAS TOLD ALL WHO BELIEVE ON HIM.

Jesus has told all who believe on Him to watch for Him, for they know not the day nor the hour when He will come. He says He will descend from heaven with a shout, and that the dead in Christ shall rise from their graves first, and those who are alive and belong to him shall be changed and caught up to meet the Lord in the air, and shall be for ever with him.

WHAT A HAPPY TIME IT WILL BE FOR ALL WHO HAVE COME TO THE SAVIOUR.

What a happy time it will be for all who have come to the Saviour, believing that he died for them and put away sin on the cross! They will be so glad to see Jesus, that it will be the happiest moment they ever knew, for they will be changed and have a glorious body that will never again know pain or sorrow.

BUT THOSE WHO DO NOT KNOW JESUS AS THEIR SAVIOUR.

But those who do not know Jesus as their Saviour, and who are not the children of God, will be left behind in this world when he comes, and they can never go to heaven, but must suffer the punishment they deserve for ever and ever, in the place which was prepared for the devil and his angels.

YOU MAY BE STRONG AND HEALTHY.

You may be strong and healthy, and feel that you are not likely to die yet; and, therefore, you do not need to think of those things; but how can you be sure that Jesus will not come to-day? Do not,

Mr. Trust-in-God, by this time being almost famished with hunger, was obliged to cook something for himself. Thinking that matters would not change in this village, they set off for another; but the same thing happened there as in the former;

Jesus for a single hour; own your sinful

climate agencies has contributed to alter for centuries past the aspect of the ruins of Dibon, Heshbon, Edrel, Baal, Meon, Rablah, Ammon, Bozrah, and other cities, whose deserted houses still stand, secure habitations for jackals, bats and owls.

Starting from the most southern limits of this field, the rocky, ruin-strewn district of Edom is passed into the borders of ancient Moab, which run along the east of the Dead Sea. The northern portion of this tract, now termed the Belka, is a high, diversified table-land, well watered and fertile, its hill-top often covered with picturesque Syrian oak. Along the brink of the Dead Sea up to the entrance of the Jordan, the mountains sink down deeply into the deepest chasm on the face of the earth, with their sides so bare and rugged that they impart a stern and even savage aspect to the bed of that strange lake. From this upper table land the heights about Jerusalem can be well seen. Several streams cut their way down to the lake through great gorges, at the head of which, near the lower extremity of the Dead Sea, stood Kir, one of the ancient capitals of Moab, and now called Kerak. About twelve miles north of it are the ruins of Ar or Rabbath Moab. Both these places, as well as many ruined cities in the neighborhood, though visited before by travelers, are not yet as well explored as could be wished, owing to the turbulent and suspicious character of its inhabitants. North of this is the long, deep gorge of the River Arnon, which separated Moab from Ammon, and which is often referred to in the earlier historical books of the Bible. Beyond it lie the remains of Arer and Dibon, from the ruins of which last was brought the celebrated "Moabite Stone."

The value of this Moabish stone has been asserted to be beyond that of any single inscription of antiquity. It was found by the Rev. F. A. Klein in 1868. In a quarrel of the Arabs over the possession of the stone it was broken into fragments; but its inscription was preserved with the exception of about one-seventh. It records the successful rebellion of Mesha, King of Moab, against the Israelitish yoke after a forty years' oppression by the house of Omri. It is the oldest alphabetic inscription extant, dating about the year B. C. 890. This discovery fills up a gap in a narrative of the Scriptures, and encourages the hope that other similar treasures may be found by this new exploring expedition.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

LOOKING FOR JESUS.

One day a little girl named Janie, who was about five years old, and who went every Sunday afternoon to school, heard her teacher speak of the time when the Lord Jesus Christ will come from heaven into the air, and take all those who love and trust Him, and whose sins are washed away in His blood, to be with Him for ever in glory, and she listened very attentively.

During the week her mother told her to fetch some milk in a jug.

Now, little Janie had the habit of running along very fast, and though her mother often told her to walk quietly, she was so full of life and spirit that she scampered along the passage; her foot slipped, and down she fell, striking her head against a piece of the jug, which broke under her.

Her mother ran to pick her up, and found that she had a deep cut on her head, and that the blood came very fast, so she called in a neighbor to help her to bind up the place, for she was very much frightened to see her little girl's face covered with blood.

Little Janie looked at her mother's friend for a moment and said:

"I don't want to die."

"Not want to die, Janie! you love Jesus and trust Him, don't you, dear?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "I love Jesus, but should like to wait till He comes, so we could all go up together in the air."

This little girl who was so very young, had learned to love the thought of Jesus coming, and to expect Him; and many little ones are now waiting for God's Son from heaven, but they are only those who are not afraid to meet Him.

Arriving at a certain village, the people asked them their *kabary*, or business.

The man who trusted in his fellows, and whom we shall call Mr. Trust-in-God, promptly replied, "My friend here trusts in God to feed him wherever he may go, but I place my confidence in my fellow-men."

Though it may have been a common custom to bless the harvest and its reapers, he did it from his heart; nor were they words of course of custom he spoke when biding on Ruth an eye of mingled pity and admiration he said: "It hath been fully shown me all that thou hast done unto thy mother-in-law since the death of thy husband; and how thou hast left thy father, and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore. The Lord remember thy work; and a full reward will be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art honored as it is in others to be profaned."

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[For Terms, &c., see Fourth Page.]

This paper is specially devoted to the advocacy of the speedy, personal, pre-millennial advent of Christ, the glorification of the church at that epoch, the dissolution of the world by fire, the removal of the everlasting inheritance of the redeemed, and the establishing of the kingdom of God; and while rejecting—as it has from the commencement of its existence—the doctrine of the unconscious state of man, and the extinction of the being of the wretched, it will aim to present the truth pertaining to the cross and crown of Christ in such away as to make one of the best family papers

WHOLE NO. 1663.

Selections.

ONWARD.

"Casting aside every weight."

Silent, like men in solemn haste,
Girded wayfarers of the waste,
We press along the narrow road
That leads to life, to truth, to God.

We fling aside the weight, the sin,
Resolved the victory to win;
We know the peril, but our eyes
Rest on the grandeur of the prize.

No idling now, no wasteful sleep,
Our hands from earnest toil to keep,
No shrinking from the desperate fight.
No thought of yielding or of flight.

No love of present gain or ease,
No seeking man or self to please;
With the brave heart and steady eye,
We onward march to victory.

—Bonar.

KEEPING THE HEART.

I know an ancient fortress which one brave man could have held against an host. Perched on the summit of a lofty rock, around which the sea goes foaming, and parted from the mainland by a dizzy chasm, over which a narrow arch, hanging like a thread in mid-air, is thrown, that old castle stood in other days impregnable. There was but one way of approaching, and that such as one man could hold against a thousand. As might be inferred from these words of Scripture, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life," it is otherwise with us. With appetites and passions, each of which may be made an instrument of sin, our hearts lie open on many sides to attack. Take, for example, the most innocent of these appetites, that of hunger—"Give me neither poverty nor riches," says the wise man, praying as much against the first as the second; because, though happily we know nothing of it, it is difficult for a hungry man to be an honest man. The empty sack, as the proverb says, cannot stand upright; and he tempts the poor through this appetite who used it to tempt our Lord himself—saying to Jesus when he was an hungered, "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." In this, as in other ways, Satan tried with his fiery darts every joint of our champion's armor; and only failed because, as Jesus himself said, "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me!" We cannot say so. Like traitors lurking within a beleaguered city, our natural corruptions are ready to open the gates and betray us to the enemy. Hence he who would keep his heart from evil, and pure and holy, must plant a sentinel at every avenue by which sin may find access there—guarding against none more than the little sins, as they are called, that are like the urchins who enter by the window and open the door for bigger thieves. The man of God has his eyes to keep; and so Job said, "I have made a covenant with mine eyes—his tongue, and hence the exhortation, "Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile"—his ears, and hence the warning, "Cease, my son, to hear the instruction that causeth to err"—his feet, and hence David says, "I have refrained my feet from every evil way, that I might keep thy word." And since there is no gate of the five senses by which the enemy may not, unless the Spirit lift up a standard against him, come in like a flood, we have need to guard every port and write over every portal, "Here there entereth nothing to hurt or to defile."

The work of grace is carried on within the heart. It is therefore the state of our affections more than our outward conduct that should occupy our chief attention and engage our most earnest prayers. Let me illustrate and enforce this by an analogy. The burning thirst, the flushed cheek, the bounding pulse, the restless nights of fever, are but the symptoms of disease. That thirst physicians may allay by cooling draughts; and opiates may dull the sense of pain, and shed sleep and sweet oblivion on the eyes of the weary sufferer. The symptoms are alleviated, but the disease is not arrested—the evil is but masked, not mastered. And that is all which is achieved in the reformation which sometimes passes for regeneration; in that outward improvement of habits and decorum of life which will never supply the place of sanctification in the judgment of a holy, heart-searching God. Man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh on the heart. I once heard physicians say, as they stood baffled by the bed-side of one fast posting on to death, "We can do nothing now but combat the symptoms." Ominous and fatal words. Divine grace, thanks be to God, does more. Let it reach the heart, and those works of the flesh, which are the outward symptoms of indwelling sin, will ere long pass away, like a plant which, cut at the root, drops, and withers, and dies. It is in the heart, the change is wrought for salvation; and

there, as a building rises from its foundations, the work of sanctification is carried onward, and upward to perfection. Cleanse this fountain, and purity will flow in all its streams. Let our heart be turned heavenward, and our members and affections, our powers, and time, and influence will all follow and obey its movements—as from stem to stern, from her keel that ploughs the wave to the masts that rake the sky, a ship obeys the hand of the steersman and movements of the helm. Who, therefore, would grow in grace, would die daily to sin, would live daily to righteousness; while they strive to keep their hands from doing, and their ears from hearing, and their lips from speaking evil, let them strive above all things to keep their hearts with all diligence, since out of them are the issues of life.

DR. GUTHRIE.

THE THREE STEPS TO DEATH.

In the first verse of the first Psalm, we have the process of a sinful life photographed very clearly in three stages of disobedience—I may say stages, for the whole verse is a condensed drama, portraying three forms of guilt, each one approximating nearer the insensibility of moral death. This three is multiplied by three: showing that sin has its perfect or complete work, even as the fruits of the Spirit. In this process of obliquity, there are three postures, three companies, and three degrees of evil, which may be tabulated thus:

Postures.	Degrees.	Companies.
WALKING,	COUNSEL,	UNGODLY,
STANDING,	WAY,	SINNER,
SITTING,	SEAT,	SCORNER.

This is a graduated scale of the development of transgression in the life. The act of walking expresses so accurately the first wandering from the path of rectitude. The soul has not abandoned intentionally the road of virtue, but makes a careless excursion into forbidden fields, that some people regard as a pardonable exuberance of youthful nature; and this lawless sally of the soul is not in any firm and intimate alliance with evil, but in that tender state which is easily susceptible to false counsel. In the first act of this drama, the youthful wanderer does not exchange words with evil, but listens to false counsel; the misinterpretations of Scripture, dishonest principles of trade, twisted constructions of science, etc.; and this false counsel does not come from the worst class of men, but from the most respectable class of unbelievers—the *ungodly*. They are moral, educated, refined, who respect religion; they are simply *ungodly*—that is, not like God; not having the divine principle within them. Here, then, we see the best class of unbelievers dropping a little counsel to those who are only occasional excursionists from the rank of religion. This lawless sally of the soul is not in any firm and intimate alliance with evil, but in that tender state which is easily susceptible to false counsel. In the first act of this drama, the youthful wanderer does not exchange words with evil, but listens to false counsel; the misinterpretations of Scripture, dishonest principles of trade, twisted constructions of science, etc.; and this false counsel does not come from the worst class of men, but from the most respectable class of unbelievers—the *ungodly*. They are moral, educated, refined, who respect religion; they are simply *ungodly*—that is, not like God; not having the divine principle within them. Here, then, we see the best class of unbelievers dropping a little counsel to those who are only occasional excursionists from the rank of religion.

When the young candidate for death has gone through this initiation, and learned the silvery, tinkling alphabet of sin, he is prepared to change his posture from the tiresome walking to the more indolent one of standing. Disobedience is no longer an occasional thing, but has grown into a stationary fact. Having crossed the boundaries of truth so frequently, he thinks it not worth while to return. The place, too, where he now takes his stand is the "way," the street and thoroughfare of sin. Before, he used to make brief transits across the path of sin; now he stations himself right in the broad avenue of evil. In this way where he has fixed himself, he does not find those respectable and polished transgressors, the *ungodly*, who serve to gild the outer portals of death; but he finds himself standing in the highway of a lower species of men—the *sinner*: those who openly and unblushing renounce the claims of God on them.

When the swift-growing culprit has passed over the second stage in the gloomy theatre of wrong, he becomes still more reconciled to vice, and extinguishing every remaining vestige of struggling virtue, he seats himself in the final posture of guilt. As long as he remained standing, he could look over into the meadows of grace, and entertain thoughts of repentance; but now he sinks down closer to the earth, as if to seek an infamous repose in the deep abandonment of sin. In thus setting himself down amid the rusty ruins of his fallen nature, he gets right in the "seat" that is the citadel and centre of vice. Heretofore, he has been indentured only with the suburbs of transgression: moving in the outer orbits of guilt, but drawn by the gravity of wrong, he is now lodged in the very centre and seat of the dark system; enthroned in the black core of the black empire of sin. His companions in this last stage are the lowest species of rebels against God; the "*scornful*"—those who see nothing virtuous, fair or good in all this wondrous universe; those whose eyes can see nothing

but decay; whose ears hear nothing but the clashing moans of despair; whose tongues taste naught but wormwood; whose nostrils scent nothing but dead souls, and whose touch distinguishes nothing but the slime of the bottomless pit.

Such is the scorner, whose only joy is to grieve at a child of God on his knees. This is the last scene of all that ends this strange, eventful history; the curtain falls; the flickering stage-lights of life are blown out, and the actor sinks in the unconscious arms of eternal death.—*Methodist Home Journal*.

RELIGION A HELP IN LIFE.

How it helps a man to suffer and to toil! How it calms his temper and soothes his spirit! How it heals his wounds and anoints him with joy. "His tool slipped," says Malan, in his beautiful tract, *The Watchmaker of Geneva*, "his tool slipped, and the work was spoiled. He repeated the attempt, and again he was unsuccessful. A slight and momentary expression of trouble appeared on his countenance, but the cloud soon passed away. He clasped his hands and looked upward, while his lips moved as if uttering a silent and fervent prayer; the expression of trouble disappeared—he resumed his work." And so, many a good man in his cottage or workshop, amidst the spoiling of his work or the breaking of his tools, or the anger of his master, or the losing of his employment, or the cries of his children, or the sorrows of his wife; or the sickness of his body, or trouble of his soul, finds prayer is the secret of peace. And in manifold ways doth religion bless the poor man in his pilgrimage. Faith is a rod with which he cleaves Red Seas of difficulty; and God's Word is a pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night, amidst the rocks of a sandy wilderness. And Sabbaths are wells of water, and ordinances are beautiful and shady palm-trees; and prayer brings down manna every morning; and the sight of the cross heals the bite of fiery serpents; and hope is a spy going beforehand, to bring back the elders of Eschol. And then, at last, God's presence is as the ark in the midst of the river; and the pilgrim passes dry-shod into "the land that floweth with milk and honey."

A PRIVILEGE OF THE SONS OF GOD.

We should dwell much on the confessional nearness into which grace has brought us in Jesus. It has made us sons, and given us access through Him, by one Spirit, to the Father. Little cares, little trials, little perplexities, make up the sum of our little lives. To meet these we need the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba; for we need a parent's care, a parent's heart, and nothing can suffice us save to be shown the Father. We lose much holy joy because we so little know Him. How would the thought, My heavenly Father knoweth what things I have need of, deliver us from care about many things! Rarely do we find Christians going as children to their Father; telling Him, with artless confidence, the little things that try them, sure of finding a Father's heart into which they can cast their cares. We may be strict and busy in public worship and service, but it is in the closet that we have specially to do with the Father, and to tell Him all our private necessities, which can be told to none but Him. Do you, my brother, experimentally know this privilege? It is certain that you do not, unless that you are no longer a servant, but a son.—*The Witness*.

THE PREACHING OF JOHN KNOX.

Rev. Professor Samuel J. Wilson says of the great Scotch Reformer:—"Knox was no longer able to walk to church or to ascend the pulpit without help. Yet he was as watchful and fearless as ever. His friends feared for his life. The castle was full of Hamiltons, all thirsting for his blood. He was shot at through the window of his own house. But he was totally unconscious of fear. At length he was prevailed upon to leave Edinburgh, on the ground that his longer continuance there would involve the lives of his friends.

He went to St. Andrew's. James Melville, who was then a student, has preserved for us in his diary a very graphic account of the habits and appearance of the great reformer at this time. He brings the scenes vividly before us. We see the tottering old man walking and sitting in the yard at St. Salvator's college, calling the students around him, exhorting them to be diligent in their studies, to know God and his work in the country, and to stand by the guide cause. We see him in his great weakness creeping to the kirk, "slowly and weakly," with a "furying of martins about his neck," a staff in one hand, and his trusty servant supporting him on the other side.

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riesburg this 30th day of May, 1873, hereby command our brother as an able champion of evangelical doctrine, and a worthy representative of this body in vindication of such truth.

It was voted that we desire the American Millennial Association to carry out the previous action regarding the publication of an edition of the *ADVENT HERALD* under the name of *MESIAH'S HERALD*.

As the President was obliged to leave, Rev. M. L. Jackson was chosen President pro tem. J. A. Aldred having been presented was chosen a member of the conference as an ordained minister. The Harrisburg church interest was then brought up by the pastor, Rev. W. H. Swartz; Rev's. Pearson and Osler and brethren Prior and Knowles made remarks, and a letter was read from the Providence "Do Society," after which the conference proceeded to raise funds towards liquidating the debt on the church, and one thousand and fifteen dollars were raised in cash and pledges. The minutes were read and accepted and the conference adjourned.

H. P. CUTTER, Secretary.

REPORTS OF CHURCHES.

Harrisburg, (W. H. Swartz, Pastor), extends a cordial welcome to the conference, to our city and our homes. In reviewing the mercies of God toward us the past year, we can but exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" Surely, if God even smiled on any work he has on this. The dedication services of the vestry of our church took place January 12, 1873. We have some debt on our house yet, but we trust that God will order according to his wisdom in the removal of it. Our membership has more than doubled; souls having been brought to the Saviour, and others on receiving the truth have cast their lot among us.

G. W. SHAFFER, Clerk.

Trenton (D. Elwell, Pastor), reports prosperity during the year—about twenty have professed conversion. The church building having been completed will be dedicated June 1. Sabbath school prospered greatly during the past few months.

JOSEPH MERRICK.

Mount Hope (T. Hollen, pastor). The Lord has blessed us, and we are waiting the appearing of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Sabbath school on the union plan. H. M. BAILEY, Secretary.

Yarderville, no pastor. Had preaching by Elder S. F. Grady until November 1, 1872. Social meetings have been sustained. Have Sabbath school regularly. Elder Aldred held a meeting during the winter; eight professed conversion and five joined the church. The church desires preaching, and will help sustain it.

M. A. LOVETT.

Penn Valley (J. A. Aldred, pastor). Have had some prosperity. At a meeting in the winter eight professed faith in Christ, and several joined the church. Interest in the Sabbath school is encouraging.

HENRY B. SEALACE, Secretary.

Morrisville, no pastor. Report not flattering; sustain regular meetings. Have some small debts unpaid.

E. RYAN, Secretary.

Sterling Run, (M. H. Moyer, pastor). New chapel is fitted up for worship. Have regular preaching service and social meetings; eleven have been received into church fellowship the past year. Sabbath school is large and flourishing.

D. R. NELSON, Secretary.

Huntington, (M. H. Moyer, pastor). A small church organized by Eld. Moyer recently, and with good prospects.

Emporia circuit (N. Stokely, pastor, J. Haasler, Secretary). *Emporia church*: about as last year in numbers and interest. Need a house of worship, are now using a school house.

Rich Valley church: Not quite as strong as last year; have regular preaching; Sabbath school not organized yet.

Have appointments also at Portage, Sinnemahoning and North Creek.

Centre County Circuit, (J. Zeigler, pastor). Churches embraced in the circuit are Marsh Creek, Central, Dick's Run, Zion, Washington, Central City, and Pleasant Valley. Work of grace during the year has been more steady. Public services are well attended. There are six Sabbath schools on the circuit. Messiah's church of Zion has been finished and dedicated, at a cost of \$1200. Marsh Creek church has been remodelled—cost \$400.00.

Cumberland Circuit (A. L. Brand, pastor). *Mechanicsburg church*: State of the church is good. The relations of Elder M. L. Jackson ceased with us on April 1, 1873. Since then Elder Brand has been employed.

J. DONSON, Secretary.

Shiremanstown church. No additions are reported; one has passed away (Flora Jackson). Elder M. L. Jackson left us April 1st. We have now Rev. A. L. Brand as pastor. Have regular preaching, good Bible class and Sabbath school.

DANIEL RUFF, Secretary.

Moshannon Circuit (H. P. Cutter, pastor). *Kylderton Church*. Have regular preaching, good congregations, and a Sabbath school of 50 members.

W. M. BURG, Secretary.

Snowshoe church. Four have been received the past year; good interest in social meetings; preaching every two weeks.

JACOB SHARK, Secretary.

Pine Glen church. A few have been received the past year. We aid in a union Sabbath school. Have regular preaching.

W. ZIMMERMAN, Secretary.

Karthan's church. Was organized by Rev. H. P. Cutter February 28, 1873, and is composed of seven members; a weekly prayer meeting is sustained. Interest is good, and with a prospect of

increasing success. We sustain a union Sabbath school.

J. C. MICHAELS, Secretary.

No reports were received from New Kingston, Toby, Mix Run and Caledonia churches. H. P. CUTTER, Secretary.

LETTER FROM ELDER ZEIGLER.

Dear Brother Orrock—I have arrived here after the soul-refreshing seasons of our conference session at Harrisburg. Of all our annual conferences in this State this has, perhaps, been the most encouraging and fruitful; some fifteen or more having decided for the Lord, who hitherto were the servants of sin. The truth has been faithfully preached and well-spread, and doubtless many serious and lasting impressions have been made. To God be the praise when the harvest is gathered.

But I now behold other things. My thoughts have been led off in another direction, on looking over one of the daily papers published in the same city. To show that there are two sides to the affairs of this world, as well as the fearful abounding of iniquity, I enumerate the following items whose headings are thus given: "Suit against the Credit Mobilier Company,"—this bespeaks fraud on small scale. "A serious shooting affair,"—this tells of a man discharging the contents of a loaded shot-gun into the arm and leg of another, and then fleeing from the scene. "An important liquor decision,"—the "decision" is that manufacturers "have the right to inject carbonic acid gas into wine made of grapes," of course regardless of all consequences in the sight of God, as they need pay no tax to the United States. "Banquet to the delegates of the Presbyterian Convention." Perhaps I may as well give the item:—

Philadelphia, June 1.—The delegates to the Convention of the United Presbyterian church partook of a banquet yesterday at Belmont, on an invitation of members of Philadelphia churches. Three hundred gentlemen sat down to the dinner, which was followed by a number of speeches from delegates from abroad and city clergymen, some being of a highly humorous character. They were also entertained by a band of music during dinner. The party did not return to the city till nearly 10 p.m. During their progress through the park to Belmont, stoppages were made at the principal points, including General Grant's cabin, where George H. Stuart made some gay allusions to various events that had transpired within its walls while used as an army headquarters.

"Burglars at work," is the next item. They were busy of course, and vigilant as their master. They succeeded in extracting fifteen hundred dollars worth of watches from a manufacturer's establishment. "Another wife Murder." "Arrest of a well-known Hotel Swindler." "Horrible Murder of Sixteen Persons." "Murder of a colored man." "Found guilty of Murder." "Attacked and seriously injured." "A man Murdered for Seven Cents." "Arrest of two persons supposed to belong to the notorious Bender Family." "An interesting Billiard Match." It may have seemed "interesting," but the time hastens when it will be called up again and the parties interested will find "the tables turned."

Next comes an account of "a white woman outraged by a Negro," after which he crushed her skull with an axe. Two other items I clip and send herewith: "A spiritual meeting of colored citizens was held in New London township, Chester county, one night recently, at which the evil spirit was manifested. To vary the monotony of the occasion physical knockings down were substituted for spiritual rappings, and a knife-blade was sheathed in the body of one Joe Nelson."

"An Ecclesiastical court, composed of the members of the Pittsburgh and two other adjoining conferences will commence a session in Beaver on Wednesday next. The court will be composed of twenty-one preachers, and will be presided over by Bishop Simpson. The case to be tried is that of the Rev. Mr. Gregg, who is charged with abusing his family. The accused is not expected to be present, but will be represented at the trial."

Here we have in all, seventeen instances of horrible crimes, of various shades, recorded on the *first page* of a daily paper. Place this dark picture opposite the report of our Annual Conference, which we so much enjoyed, and our soul dies within us: scarcely a glimmer of light can be seen through the thick darkness.

Speaking from a Christian's standpoint, we may safely say "the shadows of the evening are stretched out;" yes, gross darkness is on the land, and it becomes more and more intense as the floods of darkness exert their powers, according to their diabolical devices against light, and truth, and justice; thus fulfilling in and by themselves the words of Christ, "iniquity shall abound." (Matt. 24: 12.) But we need look for nothing better this side of the consummation of all things, when He, whose right it is to reign, will come and cut the work short in righteousness. "Even so, come Lord Jesus. Yours looking for Christ and deliverance."

J. ZEIGLER.

Carlisle, Pa., June 3d.

General Intelligence,

RELIGIOUS SUMMARY.

The Roman Catholic Seminary of Foreign Missions in Paris calls for fifteen missionaries to send to Japan.

Mr. George Smith, the *Daily Telegraph* special correspondent in Assyria, has found the king's library at Nineveh, and discovered numerous valuable fragments of ancient record, particularly the missing portions of the broken tablet containing the history of the deluge hitherto deciphered in the British Museum.

The *Osservatore Romano* is much excited at the numbers of Italian soldiers

who attend the Protestant Italian prayer meetings, and calls upon the military authorities to interfere.

The Marquis of Lorne and his wife, the Princes Louise, have lately taken up the cause of the poverty-stricken curates of the English Church. The former has written to the Archbishop of Canterbury on the subject, proposing that the laity of the church be called upon to raise a central fund large enough to provide each curate with a living of at least \$1000 per annum. The subject has brought out some interesting figures respecting the number and salaries of the curates in England and Wales. Together they present a body of 19,500 clergymen. Of these the receipts of 2363 do not exceed \$1500: of 1782, \$1000; of 1854, \$750; and of 1855, \$500. Such livings, in the Marquis's opinion, can only support a condition of genteel starvation, and are a disgrace to the nation.

The membership of the Church of England is about twelve million.

A congress of Sunday-school teachers was recently held at Nimes, France, when it was reported that there were nine hundred and fifty Sunday-schools in the Republic.

The towers of the Cathedral of Cologne have reached the height of 230 feet. The construction of the spires, which are to bring the total height up to 600 feet, will be commenced. Six years more are required for terminating the work.

Juggernaut cars still make their appearance at certain Hindoo festivals, but without the horrid features of sacrifice which formerly characterized them. Curiously enough, however, the natives make the present cars so heavy and clumsy that they seriously endanger life when dragged through the streets. At the late Ruth Festival near Serampore, six persons were crushed to death by these "machines of murder" (in which respect they must be not unlike a civilized railroad car); and the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal now thinks it is high time the Juggernaut should be suppressed. The trouble is that it is a religious symbol with the natives, and can only be touched with caution by the Government of India.—*Christian Union.*

The Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society estimates that during the present century about one hundred and sixteen million copies of the Sacred Scriptures, in whole or in part, have been put into circulation by Bible Societies alone in various parts of the world. Translations have now been made in two hundred and fifty-seven languages. During the past year the English society has found a marvelous opening in Russia for its work, where it distributed 331,000 copies of the Scriptures in less than sixty distinct dialects. The entire European field is encouraging.

The commission charged by the German authorities with the duty of ascertaining what are the religious orders allied to the Jesuits, has issued its report, and names the Redemptionists, Lazarists, Congregation of the Holy Ghost and Company of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Besides these, there are in Prussia 47 religious congregations of men and 50 of women, who, according to the law of the 4th of July 1872, have some affinity with the Company of Jesus. The commission demands a severe scrutiny of the Constitutions of such in Prussia and the other States of the Confederation. As to the four Orders first named, it demands the strictest application of the law, and says they will have to dissolve in six months at least from the time they are notified.

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Deverorum viatoris hibernos proficiscentes, i.e., The angels ministered on Olivet.

yesterday and left his card. The President returned a message acknowledging the courtesy with compliments.

Thirty women were made widows, and ninety-two children fatherless, by the explosion at Drummond Colliery, Nova Scotia.

HALIFAX, N. S., June 5. Heavy fires

are raging in the woods in different parts of the Province. The woods in the vicinity of Liverpool have been on fire two days, and last evening the town was in great danger. A large tract of land has already been traversed by the flames, and much damage done in Pictou county. The fire swept from the west branch of the river John to Black river and on the east branch of the river John for a distance of twelve miles, destroying everything in its course. The value of the property destroyed cannot be estimated in the Bible, out of the jaw of unbelief and skepticism, and triumphs over them.

Yeas, verily: the stones would immediately ery out, if the disciples should hold their peace.—*Translated from the German for the "Golden Censer."*

A LATELY DISCOVERED PARABLE, WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

Then shall the kingdom of Satan be likened to a grain of tobacco seed; which though exceedingly small, being cast into the ground grew, and became a great plant, and spread its leaves rank and broad, so that huge and vile worms found a habitation thereon. And it came to pass in the course of time that the sons of men looked upon it, and thought it beautiful to look upon; and much to be desired to make lads look big and manly. So they put forth their hand, and did chew thereof. And some it made sick, and others to vomit most filthily. And it further came to pass that those who chewed it became weak and unmanly, and said, "We are enslaved, and can't cease from chewing it." And the mouths of all that were enslaved became foul, and they were seized with a violent spitting, and they did spit even in ladies' parlors, and in the house of the Lord of Hosts. And the saints of the Most High were greatly plagued thereby. And the course of time it came also to pass that others snuffed it, and they were taken suddenly with fits, and they did sneeze with a great and mighty sneeze, insomuch that their eye were filled with tears, and they did look exceedingly silly. And yet others cunningly wrought the leaves thereof into rolls, and did set fire to the one end thereof and did suck most vehemently at the other end thereof, and did look very grave and calf-like.

And the cultivation thereof became a great and mighty business in the earth, and the merchant-men waxed rich by the commers thereof. The historical books of the "Old Testament" do not contain a myth, as it is contended, but history—sacred history—in which, as Haman says, each single stroke is a prophecy running from century to century, and verifying itself in thousands of cases before the eyes of men.

How many commentators of the Old Testament tried their very best to reduce the Scripture narrative, in regard to the creation, to only a fable. But the stones begin to cry out against these perverters of the blessed pages; they declare most emphatically that, "what is written," is irrefutable, and that their theology is most eaten.

Before this waste and why do these little ones lack bread and shoes and books? Turn now your fields into corn and wheat, and put this evil thing far from you, and be separate, and desile not yourselves any more, and I will bless you and cause my face to shine upon you."

But with one accord they all exclaimed:

"We cannot cease from chewing, snuffing and puffing—we are slaves!"

SUPPLEMENT.

And it came to pass that the women of the land began to use it; and they broke sticks and made little mops thereof, and with tobacco powder they did besmar their mouths. Then was to be seen a sight deplorable. Some it made hypocrites, for they did use it in secret. Some it made bold by its energy, to use it in defiance of decency, and the wishes of their friends; and they all did slobber and spit, and their mouths did show the sign thereof, with the unsightly dark stain around them, and they did run their tongues round their lips to clean them, and then they did spit again, and their handkerchiefs were defiled, and often times their clothes. Many grew sallow and husky, and tremulous, and said they were nervous, and had more trials than anybody, and died before the time, and bequeathed impaired constitutions to their children, and the world was cursed by this fashion exceedingly, and a sigh was raised by the thoughtful of the land; for the hurt of the daughters of the people was great.

And it was said, "What shall be done? Alas! what shall be done?"—*Methodist Protestant.*

BEYROUT.

This town is the seaport of Damascus, which is some sixty miles distant from it. It is the most important harbor found along the coast of Syria, from Alexandria in Egypt to the extreme northern boundary of the land. Beyrouth is delightfully situated in a vast crescent formed by magnificent mountains, and at the head of one of the most beautiful bays in the Mediterranean. It is built upon the slope of a hill, so that most of the houses command a good view of the sea.

The population of the town is about 60,000. One-third of these are Mohammedans, and the rest Christians, Jews, and strangers. The population and business of the place are rapidly increasing.

The aboriginal history of man has always been considered by the critics as fable and fiction, fiction and fable, and no more. The ancient oracle was not surer than they, and he who would not accept their doctrines was thrust into exile as being unscientific, and as holding on to old notions, not agreeing with present progress and enlightenment.

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Of course the object of greatest interest in connection with Beyrouth is the glorious range of Lebanon that stands full in view of the beholder here. I used to love, during our stay here, to

out at the close of the day on the flat battlemented roof of our hotel, and enjoy the beauty and grandeur of the surrounding scenery. At such an hour Lebanon is one of the most striking objects in the world. It is impossible to describe the splendor of the sun, or the magnificence of the mountains, with its wondrous combination of light and shade. Hue after hue, and tint after tint arrest the eye, like the changing colors of the chameleon. It was impossible to stand there and gaze at such a sight, without quoting in application to it, the Scripture exclamation,

The Family Circle.

SCHOOL LIFE.

I sat in the school of sorrow:
The Master was teaching there;
But my eyes were dim with weeping,
And my heart was full of care.
Instead of looking upwards
And seeing the face divine,
So full of the tenderest pity
For weary hearts like mine,

I only thought of the burden,
The cross that before me lay,
So hard and heavy to carry,
That it darkened the light of day.
So I could not learn my lesson,
And say "Thy will be done;"
And the Master came not near me
As the weary hours went on.

At last, in my heavy sorrow,
I looked from the cross, above,
And I saw the Master watching,
With a glance of tender love.

He turned to the cross before me,
And I thought I heard Him say,
"My child, thou must bear thy burden,
And learn thy task to-day."

"I may not tell the reason,
Tis enough for thee to know
That I, the Master, am teaching,
And give this cup of woe."

So I stooped to that weary sorrow;
One look at that face divine
Had given no power to trust Him,
And say "Thy will, not mine."

And then I learnt my lesson,
Taught by the Master alone,
He only knows the tears I shed
For He has wept His own.

But from them came a brightness,
Straight from the home above,
Where the school-life will be ended,
And the cross will show the Love.

TO ATHEISM AND BACK.

BY REV. JOSEPH BARKER.

I first got outside the Church in which I had been a minister, and having suffered grievously from the intolerance of my colleagues, I refused to enter any other. I was free, and I resolved to remain so. I now entered on an unrestrained investigation and discussion of all the leading points of the orthodox faith, and not being in a state of mind to do justice to the orthodox side, and having but feeble opponents, I drifted, in course of time, into Unitarianism. Unitarians gathered round me, and I spent much time in their society, and found the change from priestly persecutions to freedom and favor exceedingly agreeable. But I soon found that the Unitarians were everything from the comparative Christianity of Channing down to the borders of Atheism; and as the more advanced were more zealous to pass me on from stage to stage on the descending path, than the better class were to keep me where I was, I found myself in the course of a few years, an anti-supernaturalist. Christianity was but a natural outgrowth of the human mind. From this point the passage downward became more rapid, and in a few years more I was on the borders of Atheism. I had lost all my rich religious joys long before this, but the excitement of research, and the delight I found in what I deemed important discoveries, and the charms of pure and friendly and ever-changing society, kept me comparatively cheerful and light-hearted. And I was sustained by a hope also, that my investigations would at last bring me into a world of light, where my soul would be at rest. But now, face to face with the blank horrors of Atheism, my heart grew sad. My hopes as well as my joys were gone, and all was darkness and despondency. I had no trust in a Fatherly God, no hold of a loving sympathizing Saviour, no prospect of a blessed life in the future. The horrid doctrine of necessity, or of blind, eternal, universal fate, forced itself on me. I was a machine. The universe was a machine. A machine without a governing mind. My own mind,—man's mind,—was the greatest mind in the universe, and it was powerless. It was the product and the slave of blind matter. The unconscious elements were the ruling powers, and I and all that were dearest to me were the sport of their blind unfeeling agency. The heavens grew dark. The earth was desolate. The beauty of the earth had fled. The glory of the heavens was gone. The light of life had faded. The infinite and eternal universe remained, but it seemed, it felt like a silent, sad, and boundless desolation. There was death, but nothing after death. The soul of the universe was dead, and there was no helper, and I wished that I had never been born.

When the night is darkest look for the dawn. The night that had come down upon me was darkness itself, gross darkness, a darkness that could be felt. It was the shadow of death. Neither sun, nor moon, nor star appeared; and it was in vain to search farther, there was nothing beyond but hideous, utter, and eternal death. My highest, my only remaining hope now was to sink into nonentity, and be no more—an awful close to a life which once had passed along with such gladness, and pleased itself with such bright hopes, and such anticipations. I had fallen from heaven to hell, and must soon be swallowed up of everlasting night. I was in the lowest depths, in the darkest, dreariest, most hopeless condition,—to which a soul could sink. If a change was to take place, it must be a change for the better. I could go no farther into darkness. If I was to move, it must be backward, towards the light. But I saw no prospect. I had no hope of a change. I seemed, I felt, as if doomed to my present mournful lot for life. It was not as if I had left the light, and might go back to it; the light, to all appearances, had gone out,

How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

—Methodist Home Journal.

THE DEEP THINGS OF GOD.

One of the companions of my childhood was a little brook that ran near the homestead. It was my playmate. Sometimes so transparent that I could see every pebble on its bed—sometimes so shallow that it scarce covered my foot; when it got rains from heaven it ran full, but "time it waxed warm it vanished away." That little shallow, short-lived brook is to me a picture of humanity. Just in view of our house was a deep pure lake, double the size of the Sea of Galilee. In its glassy surface the clouds were mirrored; over it our skiffs floated, but no man ever saw its bottom. That deep placid lake, unchangeable in summer and in winter inexhaustible, and hiding every-

thing in its silent bosom—that lake was to me an emblem of "the deep things of God." Man is easily fathomed and soon dethroned. God is the unexhausted sea. His ways are past finding out.

And one of the deep things of God is His Word. No fathoming-line has ever touched its bottom. No consumption of its pure refreshing waters has ever lowered it an inch. Within it plays the Leviathan. Its sublime utterances are as the sound of many waters. "Deep calleth unto deep." And in its profound bosom lie all manner of pearls and precious stones; any one of them is worth all the pebbles of earthly streams. That single pearl "God is love" outweighs the globe in value.

Just compare, to-, all the human books ever written with this one Book as the subject of pulpit and private study. Upon this one book the most cultured and devout minds have been engaged for eighteen centuries. Millions of spiritual and soul-saving discourses have been drawn out of it. And the Bible is as fresh and faithful as when Augustine explored it twelve hundred years ago. Men run dry; but the Bible never.

What human production could have survived such a constant process of search and "sounding?" Plato was the wisest of the ancients, but Plato's brook is easily forded. Shakespeare is the acutest of modern intellects; but Shakespeare does not contain religious truth enough to fill a pint measure; the title that he has, he dipped out of God's Word. Just imagine all the ministers in Christendom trying to preach for a lifetime out of Shakespeare—substituting "Hamlet" for St. John, or "Macbeth" for the Psalms of David! Theodore Parker used occasionally to take his text out of Shakespeare; but the sermon had not enough religion in it to save the mouse that ran under his pulpit. God only lent to Shakespeare a narrow rivulet of thought, and that too was often agitated and muddled with impurity. But, "the sea is His, and he made it!" He "giveth his people drink as out of the great depths."

Ah! there is precious fishery in the Bible. We are all the time commanded to "launch out into the deep, and to let down our nets for a draught." When we have this done, we have not been able to draw the net to land for the multitude of the fishes. The most needful truths are easy of reach; they lie near to the surface. A child can apprehend them. Nothing can be simpler than "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul," or "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." But there are other truths of profound mystery—such as Creation, the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Divine Decrees, the Resurrection, etc., that go down many leagues below our longest lines. Those are the deep things of God.

Our congregations sometimes tell us ministers that our preaching is tantalizing; it stops just at the point where they wish to know more, and to go deeper. Our answer must be that there is a limit to all human fishing-lines and fathoming-lines. For example, the doctrine of Election it goes too deep for my fishing-tackle. And if any unconverted sinner is wasting his precious time in trying to find out whether he is "elected to be saved," or even what God's secret decrees may be, he is more likely to be caught in the Devil's net than he is to catch much truth in his own net. There are a great many things which no father tells to his own children. The "secret" things belong unto God; but the things which are revealed belong unto ourselves and to our children," and these vital truths let us spend our short lives in studying and obeying. It will be time enough to understand the Trinity and Predestination when we reach the high-school of heaven.

2. There are deep things of God that belong also to His daily providence. I have stood lately by two coffins that were to me "past finding out." Why a loving God permitted those premature deaths was to our eyes the darkest of mysteries. Verily He is a God that hideth Himself; His way is in the sea, and His footprints are not known. I cannot pretend to fathom the mystery of a thousand seeming failures of great and holy undertakings; no, nor the mystery of tens of thousands of sick chambers, or early graves, or shattered hopes and broken hearts. We puzzle and torment ourselves over these enigmas until brain and heart ache. How often we call our loving Father cruel! How often we have been tempted to murmur, "O I could have borne this trial a little later, or a little sooner, but just now, it is so hard." If God had taken my property and left to me my wife—or if that particular child had not died, or just this blow had been spared me, I could have submitted better." So we foolish children talk.

Next day was wet and stormy, and when he went out to see what course to take he came upon a soldier standing for shelter below the verandah of an old house. The poor fellow was in rags, and all that remained of shoes upon his feet were utterly insufficient to keep his naked toes from the mud. Altogether he looked miserable enough. The kind-hearted missionary spoke words of encouragement to the soldier, and gave him at the same time half a sovereign with which to purchase shoes, suggesting that he might be supplied by those who were burying the dead. The soldier offered his warmest thanks, and then said, "I am not what I was yesterday. Last night, as I was thinking of our perishable noughts of earth? O that thou wouldst awake to thy high deity, and live up to thy transcendent priv-

ity."

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—Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, in N. Y. Evangelist.

SOMETHING ABOUT READING.

Francis Wayland, when but eighteen years of age, had excellent ideas of the use to be made of books. In a letter to his sister, found in pages 45-47 of the first volume of his life, he thus writes: "Do not care so much to read a good deal, as to read well and thoughtfully." We should usually take notes and make comments as we read. A good deal of thought should be expended as we go over the pages. Wayland recommended the habit of copying beautiful passages and memorizing the choicest of them.

But reading hastily and rushing from book to book, we receive very little if any benefit. The torrent rushes through the mind and leaves nothing behind. By reading slowly—stopping often to think, to analyze and criticize,—the mind has time to absorb and digest. The seeds of thought settle on the bottom, and take root. In reading the mere bold books it is well to go over some of the pages two or three times. Their contents should be mastered before we pass on. A single page of Coleridge's prose may claim an hour's time. Miss Martineau read the pages of more than one author at that slow pace. She read to strengthen her mind, and not to amuse herself or to kill time.

It is said that Comte, the French positivist, read but few books; what he did read "laid them fructifying, and came out a living tree with leaves and fruit." It is not always the most wholesome fruit, but it is the product of a mind injured to "strong meat." It is safer to recommend Comte's method of reading, than his philosophy or his religion.

John Foster, was not, I believe, a literary gormand. The staple of his mental aliment was of the beef-steak order. The great thoughts of the best authors were deposited in his own mind, and what fruit they yielded! He was not only an original, but a grand thinker, and his thoughts to-day are seed corn in thousands of minds.

The late F. W. Robertson was a very slow reader of the very choicest works. The kings of thought, from Plato to Butler and Jonathan Edwards, had front seats in his library.

Too many people read simply for amusement. No higher aim prompts them to indulge in their books. They want to kill time, and they use "light reading" for that purpose. In some instances Christian people do this. But time is too precious a boon to be killed. Who gave any body authority to thus dispose of it?

Others read simply for the imaginary adoration of the mind. I say imaginary, for such readers hurry through a volume, with litt reflection and no annotations, and the benefit is trifling. Their intellectual cutlery is white-washed, and very soon makes a poor show. To really adorn the mind by reading, we must give most of our spare time to such books as Bacon said should be chewed and digested.

People sometimes boast of the number of books they have read, as though their intellectual wealth could be gauged by the length of the list. But let us remember what Dr. Parr, a prodigy of learning yet a slow reader, once said to a person who boasted of his multifarious reading: "You have read a great deal; you have thought very little, and you know nothing." Robert Hall said that Dr. Kippis "laid so many books on his head that his brain could not move."

"SONGS IN THE NIGHT."

One night, weary and sad, Duncan Matheson was returning from Sebastopol to his poor lodgings in the old stable at Balaklava. He had labored all day with unflagging energy, and now his strength was gone. He was sickened with the sights he had seen, and was depressed with the thought that the siege was no nearer an end than ever. As he trudged along in the mud knee-deep, he happened to look up, and noticed the stars shining calmly in the clear sky. Instinctively his weary heart mounted heavenward in sweet thoughts of the "rest that remaineth for the people of God," and he began to sing aloud the well-known verses:

"How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
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—Methodist Home Journal.

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One of the companions of my childhood was a little brook that ran near the homestead. It was my playmate. Sometimes so transparent that I could see every pebble on its bed—sometimes so shallow that it scarce covered my foot; when it got rains from heaven it ran full, but "time it waxed warm it vanished away." That little shallow, short-lived brook is to me a picture of humanity. Just in view of our house was a deep pure lake, double the size of the Sea of Galilee. In its glassy surface the clouds were mirrored; over it our skiffs floated, but no man ever saw its bottom. That deep placid lake, unchangeable in summer and in winter inexhaustible, and hiding every-

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